

HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Friday, April 4, 1919

Vol. II

"The quality of mercy is not strained"

No. 81

The Greatest Mother of Them All



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Officer of Day—Capt. Clifton

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Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

MAIL.

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

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In this moment of laying aside the uniform, there surges through the heart of the soldier emotions too deep to express. There are sorrows for departed comrades, there are memories of privation and danger, there are joys of the home-coming, and hopes for the days ahead.

But no regret, however heavy, no ecstasy, however light, can weigh against the sweet thanksgiving of the mother's heart and the veneration of the nation for him and for her.

Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings.



FOOLING THE AUSTRIAN NAVY.

A typical "Yankee" trick, played by our English cousins! British warships in the Mediterranean were badly needed for transport work and offensive action. Yet somebody had to keep the Austrian fleet in their harbors on the Adriatic Sea.

So, British engineers built up of plaster and wood three exact models of the warships which were watching the Austrians. Then one night the English switched boats on the unsuspecting Austrians. And for three months these shells bluffed out the whole Austrian navy, relieving the British fleet.

HISTORICAL—THE WOMAN.

That full sympathy which could only well from the heart of a woman—Miss Florence Nightingale at the time of the Crimean War—visualized bleeding humanity regardless of nation, race or creed. As a symbol, for man must ever have a symbol or rallying standard, the red color was chosen to typify blood and in a larger sense all physical and mental sufferings of man. This woman of vision saw the need. This woman of heart sought to bind up the wounds of bleeding humanity. This was the greater need and therefore demanded a symbol of appeal that might reach as far as the tongues of men, and be immediately understood by all men as the symbol of mercy. The Cross was chosen as representative of Christ as a healer of the sick, and divine dispenser of mercy. Wherefore, the Red (torn humanity) Cross (mercy).

THE STANDARD UNFURLED.

That the Red Cross standard now encircles the globe and that the best in mankind reacts nobly to its insignia, is a record of mankind's highest co-ordinated spiritual attainment. Its bearers include in its ranks old age and lisping youth. It is as splendidly borne by the non-Christians as the Christians; themselves. Wherefore, it proves the universality of the spirit of mercy. That this finest thing in men may be brought to the bedside where it is sorely needed, and that the ministrations may be properly accomplished is as important as the conception itself. Hence the American Red Cross was confronted with the task of giving to our soldiers far from its source a mother's tenderness and love, a father's consolation, and all other things that only blood relationship can best give. The selection of the personnel for this work was an important one and called for great wisdom. The people of the United States were giving of their best, to their best and bravest. The selection of such a medium of giving was one of the big issues of the many in the last two years.

In our experience and in our small way as an observer, we take this occasion to tell these fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, that the personnel of the American Red Cross have been "good stewards" and worthy of their trust.

PERSONAL—OUR OWN.

As the personal trait often indicates the man, it is our hope that the American peo-

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ple generally may know the work of the Red Cross as we have known it in our small provincial way. If the general effort has been as the local one, the "back home" ones may know they were well served. In consonance with the originator of the Red Cross, we think locally, very naturally, first of Mrs. Kern, the hostess. She, at all times, has had a clear conception of Red Cross, and what is more, functioned accordingly. We very definitely know that womanly comfort and consolation has been accorded in a variety of ways to many a weary heart and homesick boy. She has indeed "mothered" well. Mr. Pinckney of Richmond, our Field Director, and his associate, our active chief, Mr. Johnson, whose personal charm and high ideals have peculiarly fitted them for this work, have in turn selected their staff as wisely as was their selection. There is that modesty of the real gentleman about them that would make them shrink from sustained praise. For this reason we forbear, but they and we know that through them the Red Cross activity was the one big comfort of the camp. We pass on with a futile thanks.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS CANTEN SERVICE OF RICHMOND.

Dwellers of the post do not generally know of the fine work of this organization. But thousands of soldiers scattered throughout the United States know. Those of us who have travelled on military orders know. Our debt of gratitude to this body is large. Mr. and Mrs. Wilma happen to come to our minds when, with the idea of thanks, we pay them with the beatitude "'Tis more blessed to give than to receive." We can only add that you gave well and that no rich gifts became poor in the hands of such givers.

THE RED CROSS MOTOR CORPS OF RICHMOND.

This organization, self-originated and self-sustained, has been the important cog in the machinery of admitting and transferring our patients. Their work and their method of doing it has been a matter of comment from headquarters down, almost constantly from the beginning of the hospital. It was organized November 18, 1918. The personnel was headed by Captain Frederica Campbell, with Miss Mary Hawes and Miss Helen Starke acting as First and Second Lieutenants, respectively. The Base Hospital at Camp Lee is very fortunate to have obtained your services. "Heads Up" believes it speaks for the entire personnel of the post, when it hereby expresses thanks.

GRATEFULLY WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR SERVICE.

Functionating under the Richmond Chapter of the Red Cross we wish to record here the willing assistants of the following organizations:

Woman's Auxiliary; War Camp Community Service, Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss; Home Cheer Committee Colonial Dames, Daughters of 1812, Council of Jewish Women, Mrs. C. W. Massie's Committee, Woman's Club, Woman's Club of Ginter Park, Girls of Miller & Rhoads, Alumni Association of Westhampton, Shriner's Band, Pierce's Orchestra.



OH EDITOR DEAR:—

Oh, Editor, it is dreadfully cold up north, and one has to put on one's heavies and that spoils the silk stockings and makes them clock, too. How is that dear old cunning, little, cutie little post? And how is that handsome Sergeant Major? I don't think he'll ever get bald, and even if he does it won't spoil his fine looking forehead. It's just horrid to think of him down there with no nurses to look after him. Does Capt. Repp walk as straight as ever? Mercy, I hope he wasn't hurt in that Ford accident! Is it love that is making Sgt. Porterfield so thin? Ooh, what interesting, burning eyes. And Editor, dear, I left some cunning little, cute little pink ribbon in a Miller & Rhoads' parcel over in the stadium. Won't you be a dear love and go over and get it, and send it to me at Battle Creek. Say nighty night and da-da to all the great strong men for me.

Yours Sweetie Sweet Sweet,
MADELINE MYRTLE McSPEAK.
Battle Creek.



It takes a long time to bring excellence to maturity.



WITH THE Y. M. C. A.

Entertainment by the McGuire School Jazz Orchestra postponed until next week. Announcement later.

—o—

Moving Pictures taken at the Labor Day celebration at the State Fair Grounds will be shown at the Red Cross House Friday night. A number of men of this post took part in this celebration, so come out Friday night and see yourself in the movies.

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LAST MINUTE CHIRPS.

They tell us that Sgt. Robinson has very serious intentions on matrimony. We wonder if a Hanover Avenue belle is responsible for this state of mind.

Cpl. Nick Stauffer has appeared again in public with his cane after a few days' rest, so everything promises to be in full bloom again.

Pvt. LaBarron was awakened one night recently by something like a ton of bricks hitting him square on the mouth. After the lights were turned on and the smoke gone, he found that two of his fellow room mates were exchanging hobnails by long distance, and one strayed from its mark and put to flight a few of his teeth.

FOUND—A one dollar note under Sgt. Neeley's pillow. Loser can have same by proving ownership.

NEWS ITEM—July 1, 1919.—Large Sign being erected in New York park, by the pond, reading: "Visitors are forbidden to rush the Duck."

It is not apple blossoms down near the mess hall, but the "old cider keg" that strayed from the auction. The mist of the falls revives the fumes that are sweet to the nasal organs.

The only girls qualified to wear these new "tight" skirts are mermaids—and they don't wear any.

A negro soldier was in fear concerning hiking through mud and rain in the Argonne section. After talking to a white soldier about it, he was told thus: "Why, Snowball, you know very well if you were discharged and the U. S. got in another war you would enlist again."

"Enlist again?" said the oarky. "Say, white man, the next time they has a wah, if they wants to find this niggah, they's goin' to burn the brush and sift the ashes."

Strayed. Sgt. Speed's discharge.

Pvt. Goldsmith is longing for a discharge. He is going to get married and settle down at the seashore. Real Estaters take notice!

"WAS SHE PUSHED OR DID SHE FALL?"

This birdie of ours is more talkative daily, in fact, he chirps so much that everybody in "Heads Up" office can now talk bird talk. For the consideration of the jokers or jeerers, we will remark that we do not refer in any way to a chicken when we speak of our birdie. There is no string of corn trailed up the slope to our office window. Our birdie is now domestic; it is wild, wild, wild! However, it knows about chickens, and in chirping about the events of Sunday afternoon, by transposing its bird code we glean the following: Three young ladies decided to take some pictures. Two held the camera on the path, the other stood on the stump on the edge of the lake, back to the water. Misses Two said "All Ready!" Miss Other heard the camera click and Brodied over into the lake. Someone threw out the life line and yanked Miss Other back to terra firma. This somebody escorted the dry Misses Two and the All-wet Miss Other up to the Red Cross where the kind, thoughtful hostess, Mrs. Kern pinned Miss Other on the clothes line before the fire. The Miss Two and Miss Other were both dry by this time and finished their picture-taking with the aid of the "Heads Up" sensation hunters, Dunning and the Q. M'er Capilauff. Some lake, our lake, and by the way, did you see the surf that was booming on it Friday night. Speaking of birdies, chickens, Two and Others, lakes and surfs, we really don't know whether she was pushed or fell.

If fish were as wise as men they'd be easier to catch.

Twinkle, twinkle, Silver Bar,
May I ride the trolley car?
But, if the cars runs off the track,
Then I want my nickle back.

SEE YOU TOMORROW.